

THE WORLD.

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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887, 83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1882.

Year.	Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	8,151,157	22,331
1883.....	12,235,238	33,541
1884.....	28,150,785	77,092
1885.....	31,341,307	86,397
1886.....	70,126,041	192,124
1887.....	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724.

The average circulation of the Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267.

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Tons.
1882.....	1,423,288
1883.....	2,235,238
1884.....	5,150,785
1885.....	5,863,307
1886.....	12,626,041
1887.....	14,257,267

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

AFTER THE TRUSTS.

It may be doubtful whether Congress has authority to legislate in regard to some of the combinations which, under various names, are seeking to regulate the production and to fix the prices of many necessities of the people. But it can at least investigate the matter, and this the House has very wisely voted to do.

Those of the trusts that have interstate connections may be headed off by the Federal Government. Those that are local can be dealt with by the States. They are all conspiracies against the well-being of the people and should be forbidden.

Harpoon the Devil Fish!

A SENSIBLE PREFERENCE.

Mr. Childs is right. It is better to be editor than to be President.

An editor's appointments don't have to be confirmed. He can make treaties offensive and defensive without the consent of the Senate. He can go fishing without exciting national comment. He can "talk back" when asked. His term is continuous.

The independent editor of a prosperous and useful journal has no use for the Presidency.

HOW IT WORKS.

The Reading Railroad Company squeezes the mining enterprise, which it owns, for the benefit of its overcapitalized transportation line. It underpays the miners at one end and overcharges coal-consumers at the other in the effort to pay dividends on inflated and watered stock.

The Sugar Trust, which is closing up refineries the better to control production, issues \$4 of certificates for \$1 of value, and expects the public to pay dividends on the inflation.

It is time for the people to combine against the "combinations," and to give no trust to Trusts.

DEAR KISSES.

The osculatory Fireman's Son who was knocked downstairs, arrested, lodged in a police station over night and fined \$10 for kissing a pretty woman whom he "mistook for his cousin," paid a pretty high price for his brief pleasure.

It is doubtful if either gallantry or his gratified amatory sense would enable the kiss-snatcher to say "it was worth it."

A gentle or even a smart slap by a soft hand on the ear, an indignant "How dare you, sir?" or even a simple, plain fine, might leave some sense of value received. But Mr. EYKING paid too dear for his kisses.

It is better to mistake your cousin for somebody else, in a matter of this kind, than to mistake a big policeman's wife for your cousin.

The "Anti-Saloon Republicans" are going to hold a National Convention. They may convene "till the cows come home," but they will never hurt the saloons by the simple expedient of pledging Republicans to keep away from them.

If variety be the spice of life, New Yorkers are having a spicy time just now. There were three kinds of weather within six hours last night—snowy, rainy and freezing.

Young Mr. FEMPLE's attempt to "make the District Attorney's office an Appellate Court," as Judge GILBERTSLEY puts it, was not a brilliant success.

It may be very well to suppress the bucket-shop gambling, but how much better is gambling by the wholesale in the Stock Exchange?

KATE CLAYTON's new play is misnamed "The World Against Her." The World is for her and all other worthy artists.

It is to be observed that no wage-workers or selected people have yet petitioned to have the Sunday half-holiday abolished.

CHAT OF THE POLITICIANS.

Ex-Sheriff Davidson is a clerk in a mine near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

There is no doubt that Mayor Hewitt can have a re-nomination if he desires it.

The Republican politicians are viewing with alarm the growing bolt of Germans from the G. O. P.

Some time has elapsed since Police Justice Power and Commissioner Croker have called at the Mayor's office.

Stephen O'Brien, brother of ex-Sheriff James O'Brien, is now a full-fledged County Democracy man and a member of the Executive Committee.

If the National Democratic Convention should be held in this city local statesmen will be bothered to distraction by applicants for admission tickets.

Said a Tammany Hall warrior to-day: "It will be a good thing for Irving Hall if the Democratic Convention is held here. Its delegates won't have far to walk."

Under the law the Sheriff cannot succeed himself in office. Among those spoken of as Sheriff Grant's successor are Thomas F. Gilroy, Bernard F. Martin, Patrick Dwyer and big Commissioner Brennan.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Vance, North Carolina's war Governor, is very fond of billiards and is a well-known first nighter at the theatre. He numbers many actors among his friends.

The census of 1870 showed that there were 25,000,000 books in the libraries of the United States, and it is believed that even now there is not in the country a book for every inhabitant.

Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, recently sent to a Philadelphia friend a pair of Mercer County (Ky.) turkeys that weighed eight-eight pounds—the gobble forty-four and the hen twenty-four.

People who have been sinking wells near Madrid, La., have found at a depth of about fifty feet below the surface of the earth the remains of large prehistoric forests. The trunks of some of the trees dug up are of great size.

Probably the richest woman in New England is Mrs. William Gamble, of Providence, whose fortune is estimated at from \$12,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The foundation of it was laid in the days when Boston's East India trade was in its glory.

Chang Yen Hoon, the head of the Chinese Legation at Washington, is a poet, and it is said that he composes a poem every week. Only his intimate friends see his verses, and they are said to be very good. He has a library of 30,000 volumes.

One of the finest looking of the Foreign Ministers at Washington is Col. Emile Frey, who represents Switzerland. He is six feet tall, with broad shoulders, and has a very attractive German face. He served under Grant during the war and was taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg.

The first Chinese wedding to be celebrated in Texas took place at El Paso last week, when Ah Sing was united in the bonds of matrimony to Ah Moy. More than three hundred Chinamen from all parts of the State witnessed the ceremony, and many El Paso society people were present.

George Strathmore Paxton, who claims honorable connections with the English nobility, is the plaintiff in a time museum at Wichita, Kan. He was a lieutenant in the British army until an ambition to become an actor took possession of him. After squandering \$400,000 in his stage experience, he drifted to this country.

Worcester has two very wealthy citizens in Stephen Salisbury and Jonas Clark. The former has a fortune of from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and the latter is estimated to be worth anywhere from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Mr. Clark has already given \$2,000,000 to establish the great university which will perpetuate his name.

An Allegheny woman, who took to her bed twenty-one years ago because she thought she was ill, and remained there, declaring that she was suffering from a complication of diseases, was persuaded to arise and walk about the room the other day. The novel experience seemed so pleasant to her that she has decided to leave her bed for good.

A tenderfoot who had been hired to "herd geese" on Gen. Montgomery's ranch, near Chico, Cal., became tired of ordinary methods of killing the wild birds, and saturating a quantity of wheat with strychnine, scattered it about the place. In the morning there were 2,400 dead geese lying about and their carcasses completely jammed up Pine Creek, so that it overflowed its banks.

PRESTO.

(From Life.)

Booked at the Hotels.

Capt. W. H. Rapperty is at the Grand.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Allison, of Tennessee, are at the city.

Philly D. Armour, Jr., of Chicago, is booked at the Brunswick.

F. W. Hindekoper, of Washington, is registered at the St. James.

Gov. William C. Squires, of Washington Territory, is again at the Hoffman.

Judge Finkle and George Tate Blackstone, of Toronto, are guests of the Victoria.

Col. W. G. Elliott, of Norfolk, Va., and Charles R. Hosmer, of Montreal, are at the Hoffman.

Ex-Gov. P. C. Cheney, of New Hampshire, and ex-Gov. Henry Howard, of Rhode Island, are at the Hoffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Elliot and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler are the Quaker City's representatives at the Brunswick.

R. H. Davis, of El Paso, Tex.; Alex. Clark, of Quincy, Mass.; and C. S. Sylvester, of Baltimore, are registered at the Grand Central.

The hotel Dan shelters E. R. Wiggins, the big insurance man of Boston, and F. P. Briesse, a prominent business man, of Meriden, Conn.

Ex-Minister Andrew D. White, Julius Dexter, of Cincinnati, L. J. Smith, of Kansas, and Congressman George West are registered at the Fifth Avenue.

Daniel Callahan, the railroad contractor, of R. H. Davis, of El Paso, Tex.; Alex. Clark, of Quincy, Mass.; and C. S. Sylvester, of Baltimore, are registered at the Grand Central.

Among the recent arrivals at the Union Square Hotel are George W. H. of New York; W. A. Mass.; J. J. Sweeney, of Kingston, and George F. Joslin, of Philadelphia.

Among those enjoying the hospitality of the Morrison House are Frank C. Richfield, of New Orleans; C. W. Brooks, of Boston; W. McKerr, of Cleveland; and G. W. Ives, of New Haven.

Edward Annan, Jr., late of Richmond Springs, where he organized a branch of the Society for Friendless Girls, is with his friends here. He is now Capt. Frank Reed, at the Hoffman House.

Among others at the Hoffman are H. B. Winstanley, of Providence; Dr. S. W. Driver, of Cambridge; William Beaulieu, of Baltimore; W. A. Winstanley, of New York; and Dr. S. W. Driver, of Cambridge.

A STILL HUNT.

In New York's Rotten Row.

BY

Police Capt. T. R. Reilly,

Of the West Thirtieth Street Station.

PART II.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

THE next night, I had waited about half an hour before Jenny showed up. When she did come she seemed a little bit excited, and answered pretty short to my remarks I had to make to her.

"What's the matter, Jenny?" I said at last.

"Oh, nothin'!" she said sulkily.

"What's upset you?" I repeated, sympathetically.

"Why, it's pretty mean in a fellow to go back on a woman without any reason for it," she said.

"Yes, that's true enough. Who's the fellow that's been treating you so?"

"Oh! he's a fellow that if he knew what was good for him would keep on my right side," she said viciously.

"You've got him where you can pinch him, have you?" I said, laughing.

"Yes, I have. And I'll do it, too," she retorted, and in a low tone, but with a good deal of emphasis.

"Who is it? Perhaps I can help you. There's no harm in telling me about it," I said to her.

"It's all between ourselves."

"You see that?" She rolled up her sleeve and showed me a black-and-blue mark on her arm.

"That's what I got last night, for nothin'."

The girl was laboring under a sense of indignation, and would evidently be glad to get even with the fellow who had hurt her.

"That isn't much. If that's the worst he ever did to you, you got off easily enough."

"It's just too much from him," she said sulkily, "and I'll make him sorry for it."

"Jenny, are you talking about Jim?" If you are, why I'll help you to square accounts with him. Is he the man?"

"Yes, he is. What can you do?" she asked, feeling of her arm.

"I can do this. I am an officer and want to get him for a robbery. He stole some money from a man. If you'll help me to get onto him, you'll square things up pretty well, and it'll be to your credit, too, helping an officer to do his duty in this way."

I did not say anything about Jim's smashing the man's head in with a brick. It was possible that Jenny had not heard of it, and if she thought she would be only getting the fellow a few months in jail she would co-operate more readily than if she thought she was helping to fit a hemp necktie round his neck.

"Well," she said with an oath, "he's done just a little too much this time, and I'll help to put you on him. He's been laying round 'Rotten Row' for ten days. I saw him last night, and he gave me this pinch, the dirty beast, and told me to keep to my business. I'll show him what my business is, and he'll not be so darned fly in a hurry again."

"Where is he, over in the 'Row'?" I asked.

"That's more'n I can tell you. He's all over it, putting in a night here and a night there. He's laying low about something or other. Perhaps it's this thing you're after him for."

"Is he there every night?" I asked.

"That's more'n I can tell you, too. I see him last night, and I've seen him two or three times before. You see in that place you can slip through the walls between the houses and go in and out from a dozen places. The best thing for you is to come to my room and lay for him. He is likely to pass by there again and then you'll get him. There's a girl living in the 'Row' that he goes to see, and Jenny scowled and got a little fierce in her tones; "but if you went to her room and didn't catch him she'd put him up to your bein' after him and he'd light out."

Her plan seemed the best. I asked her if I could come over then, for she had got through her supper. She said yes, and I told her to walk ahead and wait in the passage-way and I would come over in a few minutes. She pulled her shawl up over her shoulders and went over.

I followed in about five minutes. I found her waiting in the small hall, or rather entry-way, and she led me upstairs. After two or three turns we came to her room. A passage-way led in front of it.

"If he comes along from the stairs he'll make his way through the wall there. If I were you I'd go through there and find out something about the turns, for if he gets a start on you you'll lose him easy in those twisted-up places."

I asked her accompany me and I would go. We went through the wall, onto a landing in another house, then down the stairs into a dark, long passage-way. This led into a room, from which another stairway went down to the back door, which opened on a small court, with old lumber and barrels in it.

Another house was entered on the other side, and we went up another stairway, then along another passage.

"If you go into that room you can cross over on the shed to a different house, or you can go into the left-hand back yard and through a house into Spring street. The other way lets out into Spring street, too."

I had noted every turn and winding in my mind. I was very glad I went over the way first, because it gave me a better show if I had to follow him in a hurry. If he came from the other direction he had to go down stairs or else into the upper story, from which there was no outlet to the other houses.

"Now, I'll stay here and watch," said I, putting myself behind the door and looking through the crack. This enabled me to see a little of the corridor and hid me.

"I know his step," said Jenny. "and I can tell as soon as I hear it on the stairs, in case he comes."

I waited there through the night and Jim didn't come. Nor did he put in an appearance the next day. Jenny got me something to eat, but it was a little monotonous waiting and watching all the time for the man.

However, I was still at my watch the next night. I had snatched a cat-nap during the

day for a few moments at a time when Jenny said he wasn't likely to come.

The hours wore away slowly. The girl got sleepy and also a little cross. I was afraid she might weaken.

"Is this the way he goes when he wants to see his girl?" I asked, as a good way to keep up her interest.

"Yes, I hope he tries it to-night."

We watched and waited. About 10 o'clock I caught the sound of footfalls on the stairs.

"Listen," I said in a whisper to Jenny. "Is that his step?"

She picked up her ear and listened. There were two of them, she said, in a tone of disgust, "and I can't tell whether his is one or not."

"I could detect the s- and of two men coming. They had reached the top of the stairs. 'Stand in the open doorway, and if Jim is one of them speak to him. Try to get the other fellow to move on,' I said, hurriedly, to Jenny.

She stepped quickly to the door and leaned against it, with half open. I was immediately behind her.

The steps drew nearer. They were opposite the door now, and I could see the men in the passage-way, dimly lighted with a dirty kerosene lamp.

"Hello, Jim! How are you to-night?" said Jenny.

The men stopped, and I heard a rasping voice say: "I'm all right. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'. I only wanted to speak to you. Nobody asked you to stay. Why don't you move on?"

This was said pretty sharply to the other man.

"What's the matter with you?" said the rasping voice. "He's my friend, and we're both goin' on."

"Where are you going, Jim?" said Jenny.

"Going to see a girl that can discount you, Jen," Jim answered. "She'll pull my hair if I loaf around here talking to you."

The steps moved on, the two men laughing over Jenny's getting a dig in this style.

She shut the door to with a bang and said to me hurriedly: "He's going to Sal Greene's. Wait a few minutes till he gets up there, and I'll show you where it is, and you can nab him."

I heard the footstep pass along the passage and then stumble up a flight of stairs. They had not gone through the opening in the wall. I listened as well as I could to get some idea of the direction they took. I was not certain enough of Jim's face to trust to my getting the right one of the two in the dim light, if I had sprung out on them. I had counted on Jim's coming along alone, when there would have been some certainty. But if I had burst out on them they might have broken and run in opposite direction without me knowing which was Jim.



"HIT HIM WITH THE CANDLESTICK," HE CRIED. Jim's plan seemed very good. She was in no danger of failing in her part, after the sharp jab Jim had given to her jealousy. She was down on him for going with the other girl and throwing her over, and she wanted to make him feel that he would have done better by sticking to her.

In five minutes Jenny said: "Come on! He is there by this time."

She led the way, and I followed, both of us treading on tiptoe, so as to make no noise. We went up a flight of stairs and stole along another narrow passage-way.

Jenny pointed to a door at the end of it. "That's her room," she said. Even in her whisper there was an angry tone.

"Well, you go downstairs, and I'll collar him. It's just as well for him not to know you've been in it," I whispered back.

She slipped off half way down the stairs and waited, while I stepped lightly along towards the door, from the crack beneath which I saw a light. I opened it quickly and softly and stepped in, shutting it behind me.

A girl stood with her back to me at a black wooden bureau, with the upper drawer pulled out. Jim was sitting on a chair with his legs stretched out and his hands in his pockets. He tumbled to the thing at once and knew I was an officer. He uttered an oath, sprang up and went for the window like a cat. He had the sash up and was half way out when I caught him.

I pulled him back into the room. He struggled fiercely to get away. He knew if he escaped from me all the chances were in his favor in that big, lumbering old live. The girl threw herself on me and pulled and tugged to get me away.

"Hit him with the candlestick," Crack him on the head with it," shouted Jim, struggling violently.

The girl sprang up and made for the bureau, where a big iron candlestick stood. But Jenny was on hand and proved a good friend. She had waited to learn the issue, and when she heard the struggle rushed in. She caught her rival, holding her so tightly she could not move. In the mean time I had got my right hand free and whipped out my pistol. When Jim felt the cool muzzle laid against his head it had a soothing effect and I got the handcuffs on him without difficulty.

The pocketbook was in the drawer of the bureau wrapped up in an old pair of stockings. The gentleman recovered, and when he got well enough to appear identified him by his assailant, and he was sent to meditate on his evil way for a time in prison.

The old ladyruth of "Rotten Row" had shielded him long enough, and if he had broken away that night I dare say it would have helped him to get away from me. It has gone now, and it is no loss to respectable people.

I looked from the window to see how Jim had counted on escaping. I found that it looked out on a roof not three feet away and projecting some distance. He meant to spring on this old chamber over to some neighboring house and get down. He was as nimble as a cat, and though it was a desperate sort of chance it held out promise of success to a man of nerve.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

RETAIL DEALERS KEENLY AFFECTED BY THE RISE IN PRICES.

Little or No Profit in the Sale of Coal, Kerosene, Sugar and Kindling Wood—Customers Want Good Measure—An Order for Two Eggs—Retailers Just About Making Expenses—Talks in the Stores.

Further talks by EVENING WORLD reporters in the retail stores show that the rise in prices of all kinds of necessities has affected the merchants more than the casual observer would suppose. While the coal barons, the sugar trust and the kerosene monopoly have no difficulty in putting up the wholesale price, the retailer does not see his way clear to an increase in the prices charged his customers.

John Vaughan keeps a front-room grocery at 217 East Forty-seventh street. "Trade is slow, indeed," said he. "It couldn't be much slower." If his words needed a vouching for he got it in his further assertion that he had not found it necessary to replenish his stock since he moved up from down town five months ago. For this reason the rise in prices hadn't yet affected him.

P. Pierce, of 215 East Forty-seventh street, said trade was "poor, very poor. About the rising prices said: 'The goods are as high as my head, but I can't get them any higher on my neighbor.'"

And added that he had during his business career paid twice as much for sugar as the present price.

Peter Kerr's grocery is at 221 East Forty-seventh street. "Some say trade is rushing," said he, "but I say it might be a good deal better. People not working can't have much to do with any way." Mr. Kerr has been in the block twenty years.

At Cornelius Molloy's place, 222 East Forty-seventh street, the story was: "We do very well, but trade is not quite so good as it was in the summer. We have to give credit a good deal, but of course we get paid. If prices rise we have to raise them, too, and if the fall we reduce them again."

Margaret Pitts, at 227 East Forty-seventh street, said: "Dull is no name for it." She did not have much call for credit, but all around her saw it. If people got only a quantity of potatoes or a bundle of wood, they had it put on the book. Mrs. Pitts remembered when she sold The World ten years ago, and was glad to notice its present improvements and increasing popularity.

Mrs. Kate McHugh, at 236 East Forty-seventh street, could not say that there was much money in the air. She got enough to live on, and that's all she said. She did not take kindly to the high price of sugar.